

The Lyceum Banner.

Vol. 1.

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No. 20.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HARRY BLANE.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

DOOR Harry Blane was weary—almost weary of life. He had traveled many a long mile on his journey, and now sat down to rest and think what to do. It was the sad hour of twilight—just the time for sorrowful reflections. As he sat leaning against the trunk of an old tree, his rough walking stick

in one hand, the other supporting his head, these thoughts ran through his mind: Of what use am I in the world? I have no money and no friends. Either would answer my purpose now. It is a long way to the city, and no prospect of work when I'm there. Oh, I wish I had never been born, or else had plenty of money!

Harry was an orphan. His uncle William had taken him out of pity—so he said—when Harry was a bit of a boy, and kept him hard at work on the farm ever since; his education had been neglected. Harry felt it, and at fifteen he resolved he would stay with his uncle no longer; so, packing his scanty wardrobe in his aunt's large silk handkerchief, borrowed for the journey without her leave, he left his uncle's house forever. Harry knew it was but twenty miles to Lowell, and he thought perhaps he could get work in one of the mills. He might fail, but that was better than always living with uncle William, whom he did not love.

After resting and dreaming away half an hour, a bird came and lit on a bush near him, and sang a sweet song; then a boy went whistling by, driving his cow from the pasture; the brook went murmuring along, singing its merry tune, almost in mockery of young Harry's grief. Harry wondered why everybody and every thing were so happy and he so miserable. "But there's no use in fretting," he said; "it is getting dark, and I must be off." He arose, threw his bundle over his shoulder, and trudged along singing and whistling for company, apparently as happy as everybody else. Presently a man overtook him riding in a gig. "How far is it to

Lowell, sir?" timidly asked our young hero. "Six miles. Are you going to walk that distance all by yourself?" "Yes, sir." "Then take a seat by me, and old Zephyr will soon take you over there. I reckon it will help you along some. Pretty snug riding, but you and I can agree, can't we?" Harry jumped into the gig and nestled down by the good man's side.

"What are you going to Lowell for, and what is your name?"

"My name is Harry Blane, and I am going to work in the factory."

"Do you know anything about factory life—anything of its hardships and privations? Boys that work for the corporation must be up by times in the morning, and up late at night, and then it is but a mere pittance they get for their long day's work. You had better go with me—that is, if your father would be willing—and tend my strawberry patch. It is suffering for lack of care, and my patients are suffering, too, for need of me. I guess you'd be happier with me than with them crabb'd overseers. What would your pa say to that?"

"My father has been many years dead, and I live with uncle William, who took me out of pity, and don't care a straw where I am. Oh, I wish I was rich!"

"But, as you are not, my boy," said the good Doctor Hall, "and as your uncle cares not two rows of pins for you, supposing I take you home? I have no boys, and I am sadly in want of one."

"Home with you it is," replied Harry; "anything for a home and a living."

Dr. Alexander Hall lived in the suburbs of Lowell. He had a fine garden, a good wife, and a kind heart of his own. He had once been a poor, homeless boy. He knew the dark places, and the way to wealth.

Mrs. Hall gave the boy a very generous welcome. Her kind words and motherly care made Harry contented and happy. Harry staid with the Doctor year after year, working his way up to an honorable manhood. When he was twenty-one the Doctor proposed a settlement with him. Harry brought forward his books where his accounts had been kept for six years. The Doctor owed him five hundred dollars. Handing him a draft for the full amount, he said, "Do you remember when I found you by the roadside you wanted to be rich?"

"I remember that well, sir," Harry replied.

"Well," said the Doctor, "you are on the right track. Six years of temperance, industry and honest-dealing will insure a good portion to any young man. You have been very faithful in small

things, now I propose to make you ruler over eighty acres of uncultivated land in Illinois. Harry came West, built a house, married a wife, and went to Congress.

LESSONS IN BOTANY.

No. 2.

BY HUDSON LITTLE.

The Roots and the Leaves.

O part of vegetation plays a more important part than the leaves. They give the green shadow to the landscape, clothe the grassy slopes and the tall forests in autumn, when dyed by the frosts, they robe woodlands in gaudy and fantastic costume.

The leaves are the lungs of plants. Through and by them they breathe, just as truly as animals breathe through their lungs. There is this difference: that as the lungs are confined in a cavity of the body, air has to pass in and out, or the animal is compelled to breathe, whereas the leaves are held aloft, bathed in the air, which constantly sweeps over them when agitated by the winds; and while animals breathe oxygen, plants breathe carbonic acid gas. As air is three-fourths oxygen, and only one three or four-thousandth carbonic acid gas, plants must have the freest access to it, or they could not obtain a supply. Hence we see the forest tree stretch up its tall trunk, extend its great arms and clothe itself with a vesture of innumerable leaves. These leaves are wonderfully made. Their upper surface is covered with varnish, to shed the rain, and their lower surface is covered with little pores or mouths, through which the surplus moisture is evaporated, and the carbonic gas absorbed.

The leaves are the lungs and the stomach also of plants. The roots are the mouths; the stem has no other use than to connect the two. It may be long or short; its use is the same. Trees seldom grow to a great height, except in forests, and then it is caused by their being obliged to push upward, out of the surrounding shade, for light and air. The roots send their strong arms into the soil, just as the branches do into the air. In doing so, they not only support the trunk, but obtain food. The plant cannot search for nourishment. It can only take what the soil affords, or the kind winds and rain bring it. It sends out roots through the soil after a supply. These roots subdivide until no larger than a thread, and these little threads are called radicals. Each of these

terminates in a little sack filled with fluid; these are the real mouths. Through their thin walls the moisture of the soil passes, carrying with it whatever it has dissolved; only those parts of the soil which are dissolved can enter.

Once within these sacks, the plant proceeds to use it. It is crude and cannot be employed; it must first be *digested*. To do that it must be carried to the leaves. It is drawn through the roots and up the tall stem, flowing through the outside layers or sap wood. It is often said that water will not flow up-hill; but you see it does. It flows directly upward to the very tops of the lofty oaks and pines—in the gigantic trees of California and Australia, 350 and 400 feet. How the plant proves the old maxim false, I shall reserve for another lesson. We will now suppose the safe arrival at the leaves. It is very watery; it must be boiled away. The little leaf-pores throw out the water, and the air carries it off. They absorb the carbonic acid, and the light of the sun changes that, doing what no chemist can effect. This gas is composed of carbon and oxygen. The latter the plant does not want; it can only use the former. Light breaks the atoms of the two apart, and the leaf-pores throw off the oxygen to furnish health to animals, thus purifying the atmosphere. If it was not for plants absorbing carbonic gas and furnishing oxygen, animals would very soon suffocate. As it is, they form a perfect and beautiful balance.

The sap thus digested is capable of being employed to build up the plant, just as the food we eat is digested into blood, in which form only it is useful in repairing the waste of our bodies. It is loaded with starch, gum, sugar, etc., by which new leaves are formed, the trunk enlarged, blossoms and fruit hung on the branches, and the roots, called on for still larger supplies by the tree's increasing crown, employ the sap to push further down into the recesses of the earth. The leaves and roots must be balanced or the plant perishes. When trees are transplanted, the roots are injured; they cannot supply the fluid demanded by the leaves, and the tree dies unless the gardener cuts off the branches in proportion to the injury done to the roots by removing.

—Little four-years-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stamped and pounded, and made such a noise; and then he got so mad, he shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared go up and fight him!"

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE INDIAN SUITOR.



ANY of the readers of the LYCEUM BANNER are, no doubt, somewhat acquainted with the character and habits of the American Indian, while there must be some sparkling eyes that eagerly peruse its pages who have never beheld one of their dusky visages.

What I shall tell you now is not of the historic nature, but incidental, and if it pleases you well, I may give you a more detailed account of my life in the haunts of the red man.

At the early age of thirteen I had been thrice motherless. Suddenly awakening to the sense of duty and responsibility, with the cares of a household—comforts of my father and two little orphaned brothers, away from the mirth or excitement of city life, with the free wild-winds of the forest, the great dash of the bounding waves of dear, beautiful Winnebago; a certificate of full fellowship in the M. E. Church, hymn-book and Bible for literature; solitude, or the companionship of the weary traveler, developed and ripened my girlhood into almost the maturity of woman, without the experiences necessary to the successful accomplishments of woman's mission or labor.

Many and frequent were the visits of roving Indian parties, for my father's land was once a favorite hunting ground; there they had buried their old chieftain's child, and custom bade them each year visit the grave, to see if the spirit had its supply of all that mortal Indians could bestow upon the grave of the immortal.

It was during one of these visits that occurred the incident which it is my purpose to relate to you now.

Spring had come; bland, jucy spring, with her buds, flowers, grasses and birds, and all nature's glad rejoicing; the fires had smouldered in the sugar-camps; the honey-laden bee hummed busily all day—everything was full of gladness.

The tinkle of the pony's bells, barking of dogs, and the mazy smoke that slowly rose on the evening air, marked the spot where the camp of the red man was fixed.

Regularly each day our "wigwam" was favored with "visitors" from their camp; and, notwithstanding the savage *half wolf* dogs that were ever slinking behind, and the half-frightened growl of our own hound, their painted faces were company to me, and always welcome. Many exchanges of flowers, bread, etc., were made for a bit of venison; how much I enjoyed this traffic I cannot tell, for I studied character in the meantime.

At last a day came when the old chief thought it time to be on the move, and in five days more the old woods would be desolate, without their voices to echo, or the smoke of a single wigwam by the grave.

A long line of ponies, two or three squaws as escorts, followed a young chief over the trail, halting before the door. No cavalier of the olden time ever wore greater dignity, or brighter plumes, than the young chief, dressed in his buckskin leggings and moccasins, with bright layers of vermillion, ochre and blue on his dusky face, which would have been interesting without it.

He entered with the accustomed French, "Bon-jour," sat down for a moment in silence, then pressing his hand to his breast, in an attitude Othello-like, spake—

"Me like um white squaws, *heap*. White squaw go live in big woods with Indian. Me Indian *big*." Me give you good wigwam; big chief my *Fader*; he give you *heap* things—*big canoe*. You be *my* squaw?"

I had made sham bargains with them, but here was no joke. Poor Indian was earnest. So I said, "No; *can't go*."

"You no like um me any more?" he asked; "me bring you twenty-one blankets, five ponies bring me to you; ten mocago sugar for white squaw. *You no go?*"

"No," I said. "White man's squaw was dead, and I must take care of little pappooses; couldn't go with Indian, *this time*."

As if to assure me of his honesty, he took me to the door to see his ponies, one of which was the finest in the tribe—his beautiful black skin glistened, his proud necked arched, pawing the ground impatiently, he looked a prize of himself. This the Indian suiter assured me was to be my *own* personal property, if I would go and be wife to the young chief.

But with the hope in his heart that by and by, when he came again, the pappooses would be grown, and if he brought *ten* ponies, more blankets and sugar, he should be successful, he slowly wended his way through the forest to the camp and out of my sight.

It is not probable that I shall ever see again one who is to rule or counsel his nation—the young chief, Oshkosh—but he will still be remembered as I count my rosary of old remembrances, and scenes and incidents of life's young years, with pleasant associations.

Another time I will tell something of the old chief, Tontoneway.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

THE RESPONSE.

BY "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

Fair daughter of earth, bird of beauty and song,
There came an appeal to my heart and my brain.
It found a response, as you knew that it would,
Oh! sing me again, lady fair, that sweet strain.

Fair daughter of earth, you say I am old,
You say I am wise, not *believing* it true;
But if you will trust to the "Man in the Moon,"
And be patient, my child, I'll prove it to you.

Fair daughter of earth, in your morning of life,
Invisible hands twined a wreath for your brow;
The *lovers* they chose, but it died from neglect,
But they are entwining a fadless one now.

Fair daughter of earth, would the *cypress* become
A form so divine, so buoyant with pride?
Or *orange flowers*, culled by the true hand of love,
And placed with a kiss on the brow of the bride?

Fair daughter of earth, the glad "bye-and-bye"
Will speedily come, I plainly foresee;
And if you should choose the white orange flowers,
I pray you, sweet songstress, to come up to me.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

STORIES OF THE STARS.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

No. XI.

Comets. (*Continued.*)

IN the year 1456, a very large and wonderful Comet made its appearance in the heavens. The terror and alarm occasioned by its presence spread all over Europe. It was generally believed among all classes that this Comet would destroy the earth; that the globe would perish by fire, "in the twinkling of an eye;" that the dead would rise from their graves, and come to judgment! Belief in such fables was common at that period, and added much to the fears of the superstitious. At the same time the Turks were extending their victorious arms in all directions, and threatening to overrun all Europe; this added not a little to the general alarm. The Church of Rome held unbounded control over the lives, fortunes, and consciences of men. To prepare the world for its expected doom, the Pope ordered prayers to be repeated in public three times a day, instead of two, and the church bells were rung at noon; and to the regular prayers were added, "Lord save us from the Turk, the Devil, and the Comet." It appears a little ridiculous, in the light of our present knowledge, to

learn that men were ever so ignorant as to be afraid of any of these wonderful personages. I may say to my little readers that they need have no fear of either; the devil is just about as dangerous an enemy of man as the comet.

This same comet appeared again in the years 1531, 1607, 1682, 1758, and 1835. It passed around the sun in November, 1835, and will reappear every seventy-five and a half years thereafter.

The comet of 1682 would have been still more alarming than that of 1456, had it not been robbed of its terrors by the signal failure of its predecessor. This comet was of the largest size, and had a tail whose enormous length was more than *ninety-six millions of miles*. At its greatest distance it is *thirteen thousand millions of miles* from the sun, or more than four times the distance of Neptune, the most remote of the planets; and at its nearest approach it comes within only one hundred and thirty thousand miles of his surface.

The velocity of this comet was *one million two hundred and forty thousand miles per hour*,—and the sun, as seen from it, appears twenty-seven thousand times larger than it appears to us. The intensity of heat to which it is exposed is many thousand times greater than that of melted iron, and indeed exceeds all the degrees of heat that we are able to produce. And so when the comet reaches the other end of its journey, it is just as cold then as it was hot in the vicinity of the sun. This is the comet which, according to the wild reveries of a certain Dr. Whiston, who was the friend and successor of Newton, deluged the world in the time of Noah. This learned doctor not only fixed the residence of the lost, but also determined the nature of their punishment. He held that a comet was the awful prison-house in which, as it wheeled from the remotest regions of darkness and cold into the very vicinity of the sun, hurrying its wretched tenants to the extremes of perishing cold and devouring fire, the great Creator was to dispense his judgments and his punishments. It is, perhaps, fortunate for the world that the doctor found no believer in his theory but himself. It serves, however, to illustrate the manner in which learned ignorance seeks to torture and pervert the simple ways of God to man. Perhaps, however, I waver from the subject of comets; but I desire my youthful readers to understand something of the tales, fables and speculations current among those who profess to teach the true religion to man; hence I also assert that all of the old stories—which are read to frighten children—of floods, demons, judgments, fire, and comets, are fabulous relics of a barbarous age, and have no foundation in truth.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

“ Childhood ! thou *later revelation* ! silver stream
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow.”

“ Of what are we made, mother ? ” little Alice asked. “ Out of the dust of the earth,” was the reply. Alice was silent a moment; then looking up she said, “ Then I suppose God made the black children out of *coal dust* ! ”

“ Why does everybody love me, papa ? ” Clara asked.

“ Do not know,” was the reply.

“ You give it up, papa ? ”

“ Yes,” her father replied.

“ Then it is because I love everybody.”

Mrs. Wood punished her three-years old Jamie for disobeying her. The next day she was in a very unhappy mood, and scolded her servants.

Little Jamie crept into his mother's arms, and, putting his lips to hers, said, “ When I was a little naughty, you put me in the dark closet; but now you are cross to Bridget and Susan, and I kiss you; I guess I'll make you good. Won't I, mamma ? ”

I have two little friends. Their names are Rose and Carl. Rose is nine years old; Carl is six. Master Carl thinks because he is a boy that he knows more than girls know. Rose does not think so, and she takes a little trouble to let her brother know that there are some things he has yet to learn.

Carl said to Rose, “ What did the teacher take Susie Fitch out of my class, and put her in yours for, when she is no older than I am ? ”

“ I know Susie is only six,” Rose replied, “ but then you must remember, Carl, that Susie is educated.”

Carl was one day eating chestnuts, and thinking, it may be, of his Aunt Aggie, who had gone to the other life. “ Have they chestnuts in heaven ? ” Carl asked.

“ Guess they don't grow much there,” replied Rose.

“ Then,” said Carl, “ when I die I mean to take both hands full, and give them to Aggie just as quick as I see her.”

Rose replied, “ Why, Carl, when you die you will slip out so quick that you will leave the chestnuts in your hands, and not think of them again till you see Aggie.”

Carl was silent a little while; then said, “ I'll just come back from heaven and get them.”

K.

— Dress material for the dog days—muzzlin'.

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A WORKER.

Addison A. Wheelock, one of the Ohio State Missionaries, has given a long report, in *The Banner of Light*, of three months of missionary labor performed by himself and wife. In speaking of Painesville, Ohio, he writes:

"It was a beautiful Sunday, and twenty-three bright-eyed children met us in their fine hall, and were organized into a Lyceum. I never saw children do better, appear better or sing better, and their bright, new, beautiful badges, targets and flags seemed to say, 'We are proud of you.'

"I cannot speak too highly of the unparalleled liberality and generosity of the friends in Painesville. One circumstance I must relate. They had contributed generously to the missionary cause, and had purchased a new and full equipment for the Lyceum. The day we organized the Lyceum, after the exercises were over, and Mrs. W. was distributing copies of our beautiful little LYCEUM BANNER, which we had sent for to surprise the children with, I stepped forward upon the platform and told the friends that the children needed that little paper, and I wanted forty-five dollars to send for fifty copies to commence with. In less time than ten minutes the amount was raised. The children will get their papers and have untold pleasure and benefit in reading them. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Kimball have got the money, which, with like responses from other places, enables them to publish this little paper, that delights the children so much, while the generous friends who gave this sum for the children's benefit will realize in all their future a tender influence of holy joy as memory shall steal backward and gather from among the forgotten deeds of generous lives, and find that those still shining with diamond brightness are the acts that tended to benefit and brighten the flower-decked pathway of childhood."

Mr. Wheelock in the same report says that in three months he has sent THE LYCEUM BANNER 180 subscribers. True, but that is not the whole truth. They are yearly subscribers, and the cash came with the order. In his next report the public will learn that Geneva, Ohio, is not one whit behind Painesville in good works. Mrs. Wheelock has been there and ordered fifty copies of *The Lyceum Manual*, and the same number of THE LYCEUM BANNER. She has gone to Akron, and we mistake if she and the good people of that city do not organize as good a Lyceum as can be found outside of Chicago!

CONCERT AND EXHIBITION.

The members of the Chicago Lyceum gave a concert and exhibition on the 26th ultimo. They have before had many successful exhibitions, but this one far surpassed them all. It is owing, perhaps, to the fact that some of the older members of the Lyceum took an active part in the exhibition. "Crowning the May Queen," tableau, was one of the finest things upon which the eyes ever rested. "The Lyceum Hour," duet and chorus, was sung by the class. This sweet song and the music were written for THE LYCEUM BANNER by Mrs. Julia Field and Mr. E. T. Blackmer. Two recitations—"The Polish Boy," by Mr. H. F. Rose, and Tennyson's "Grandmother's Soliloquy," by Miss M. M. Walker, were worth double the price of admission. Tableaux, two parts, "The Temptation and the Triumph," were, though silent, a capital sermon. The Copp children played well their parts, as usual. In truth, the Chicago Lyceum do not know the word fail.

A farce, "Cool as a Cucumber," added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. One would never dream that this farce was played by amateurs.

A storm prevented many from attending the exhibition, but we hope it will be repeated. Even those who did attend desire its repetition.

By a notice on another page it will be seen that we are to hold a Lyceum Conference in this city. We trust that other Lyceums will be well represented, and that great good will be done by the Conference.

—H. T. Child, M. D., writes: "A committee of which I am Chairman are to edit a small monthly paper called *The Bond of Peace*."

Nothing is more needed than the bonds of peace and good will. Send us your *Bond*, brother; it shall be to us an amulet henceforth and forever.

—Mrs. S. E. Warner is still speaking in New Boston, Ill. She fills the hall with earnest listeners.

—The New Boston Lyceum is a grand enterprise. By two entertainments the Lyceum made, above expenses, \$98.

—Mrs. M. A. Wilcoxson has given recently a course of lectures in this city. She is a lady of talent and a fine speaker.

—Read the reply of the "Old Man in the Moon" to Malcolm Duncan's appeal to that celebrated person in our last number. Malcolm is not, as some suppose, a "man of years," but a girl yet in her teens.



Written for the Lyceum Banner.
THE OLD CASTLE.

HERE lived, many years ago, in the north of England, an old man by the name of Lamberton. His wife died quite young, leaving him her blessing and a little boy. The last words of the dying wife were, "Call the baby Silver; if there is luck in names, let him have the benefit of it." So Silver

was the child's name. No name could have pleased the father more; he loved money better than wife or child, home or friends. Next to money he loved the little fellow whose life with his was linked. Mr. Lamberton was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler. He was industrious and honest, as the world goes. He and Silver lived alone, doing their own cooking, washing and house-cleaning. Silver learned to read, and knew just

enough of mathematics to keep his father's accounts. When he was twenty-five years old he became his father's partner in the soap and candle business. Father and son lived on together, giving but little thought to any one or to anything that did not turn a penny into their pockets.

Silver was a fine-looking young man, and his habits were all good, but he seemed quite contented to stay at home with his father, and wear coarse homespun clothes, and heavy shoes of rough leather.

"My boy is as good as the best and bravest of ye," Mr. Lamberton would often say, "but he is none of your sort to get trapped and lose his money. I mean that he shall be the richest man in the mountains, if he does wear a jacket and trowsers of brown stuff."

Silver Lamberton was, at the death of his father, the richest man in all that region. For some years he lived on alone in the old house where he was born, but when the stone mildewed and the old roof fell in, he said, "Why may I not enjoy the fruit of my father's labor? I am growing old and gray; I have neither kith nor kin to take my name and bless my memory."

So he went out of the little parish, and built for himself a large, stone, castle-like house in the mountain. When the people asked him his object in building so large a house, he replied, "What better may I do with my money?" It was hinted that the poor could be fed and clothed with it, but Silver had not yet learned how blessed it is to do good as one has means and opportunity.

Silver moved his scanty furniture up to his mountain castle, and put a man there to keep the grounds in order; but he was not happy—not contented. The castle seemed the monument of his weakness. Silver grew old and feeble. He knew his time to go to the other life was near. Then he began to ask, "What shall I do with the leather sack of gold my father left me? It will avail me nothing in the hereafter; in truth, I shall be poorer there than the poorest serf, for in a life of seventy years I have done nothing to help the poor, nothing to lighten the burden of human misery. Ah, me!" said the old man, turning upon his couch, "would that I could leave to the world pleasant memories of me, but when I am gone the rich, who do not love me, and the poor, whom I have never loved, will point to this old pile of brown stone and say, 'There is old Silver Lamberton's monument; he lived to love his money, and died lamented by none.'"

It is even so. No one knows where Silver Lamberton is buried, but the old castle up in the moun-

tain remains the monument of his folly. Lizards run about the walls, birds sweep in and out at will, the chimneys are falling in, the garden walks are choked by nettles, and the broken windows are curtained by spiders' webs.

Poor old man of the mountain.

GERTIE GRANT.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

LETTER FROM EMMA TUTTLE.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—You gave my little friends of the LYCEUM BANNER a glimpse of our Milan Society, and tell them some of the discouragements which beat down on us with the February snows, moist in our faces in the chilly March winds, and dash over us in the rains of April. But now even sweet May is here, and as usual she has brought us the dear old bird-songs, the fresh, young flowers, the good green grapes, but she brought something more than these, and in our joy how soft and beautiful seems the blue of her skies, how doubly exquisite her many voices.

She brought us a beautiful new hall, all fitted up in the nicest style. Its wreaths and pictures, its organ, and best of all, its opulence of true hearts, makes us as happy as happy can be.

When you come again, Mrs. Brown, to lecture for us, and warm us all with the love of your dear heart, we shall need no commiserations concerning our uncomfortable hall, and I want you to get on your tightest boots to be introduced again to Mr. Roberts, our "patron saint," to whose taste, zeal and energy we are indebted for so much of our success and enjoyment.

Mr. A. B. French and lady were with us on the occasion of our dedication, and added much to the pleasure of the day.

Everything is in splendid working order now in Milan. Every officer seems especially adapted to the place for which he is chosen, and every single child is an "angel in the bud," and so dear to me. Earth seems so pleasant that if it were not for dreams of my "friends now angels," I would love to live here always. We are now preparing for a Lyceum Exhibition, and shall probably have given it before this is printed. May the angels look after us all!

Yours affectionately,

EMMA TUTTLE.

—There will be a three-days meeting held in the Free Church at Sturgis, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 19th, 20th and 21st days of June. Miss Susie Johnson, Mr. E. S. Wheeler and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown are announced as speakers.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

THE CHILDREN.

I love the little children, the laughing little children,
The joyous little children, so merrily at play !
When the air rings with their voices,
With them my heart rejoices,
Because they are so lithesome, so blithesome and so gay.

I love the little children, the curious little children,
The questioning little children with widely wandering eyes,
Who never seem to weary,
Plying query after query,
Quite tasking with their asking all our wit to find replies.

I love the little children, the thoughtful little children,
The studious little children, hid away in some still nest ;
All the outward world unheeding,
Intent only on their reading,
Bent o'er lesson on the peaceful, pleasant pages of some book.

I love the little children, the pensive little children,
The dreamy, deep-eyed children, who ever seem to be
In rapt and mystic vision,
Gazing into realms elysian,
Where hovering near, strange things appear that we can
never see.

I love the little children, the ragged little children,
The poor neglected children, that gather in the street.
Ah ! if some good souls would take them,
Who knows but they would make them
Pure and charming as the darlings that the angels love to
greet.

I love the little children, all the little children,
Their smiles and wiles, their ways and plays, their sadness
and their mirth.
What would we do without them ?
Heaven lingers yet about them ;
They are the flowers God's bounty showers o'er all the thorny
earth.

PAUL JOSEF.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

The Bones of the Lower Extremities.

HOPE my little readers, and those of a larger growth, have not forgotten our pleasant talks about the bones of these bodies which a kind Father has given us. We are now to consider the bones of the lower extremities. The hip bones, which form the lower part of the body, have two round cavities, very much like cups, into which the head of the thigh-bone is fitted, so as to form a ball and socket-joint, by which we are enabled to rotate the limb.

If you stand upon one foot, you may throw the other around in every direction ; this is done by means of the free-joint at the hip. The thigh-bone

is the largest and heaviest bone in the body ; it extends from the hip to the knee ; the upper part of it has a ball upon it, attached to the shaft of the bone by a thinner portion, which is called the neck. This is the weakest part of the bone, and is sometimes broken, particularly in old persons, whose bones become more brittle, as they contain a larger portion of lime and less of animal tissue.

When the neck is broken, it is generally very slow in healing, and sometimes it is impossible to get a reunion of the broken parts. In fracture of any part of the thigh-bone, it is very difficult to keep the parts in place, and have the limb to retain its full length. In the late war many of the soldiers lost their lives from fractures of these bones. I had a patient at Gettysburg, who had a ball pass through his limbs, causing fracture of both these bones. We did not suppose it possible for him to live, and placed him in the easiest position we could, without attempting to extend the limbs. He did recover, and we found that each limb had contracted about an inch and a half ; but he was able to walk very well. Very many amputations were required on account of compound or splintered fractures of this kind. The lower part of the bone is moulded so as to form a hinge-joint at the knee, to which are attached the two bones of the leg.

These are the tibia and fibula. The first is the largest, and is on the inner side of the leg, extending from the knee to the ankle. The fibula is a small bone, forming the outside of the leg. At the knee we have the patella, or knee-cap, a roundish flat bone, to which the muscles are attached, and which assists in forming a lever to bend the leg.

In the ankle we have seven small spongy bones, somewhat similar to those of the wrist. Then there are five metatarsal bones, forming the body of the foot ; and lastly, the bones of the toes—two for the great toe, and three for each of the others, the same in number, but differing some in form, from the bones of the hand, as the object to be obtained is different. The uses of the lower extremities are to sustain the body in an upright position, and by their movements to enable us to walk and run. In the beautiful mechanism of the human system, where every part displays so much wisdom, we can scarcely say which is the most wonderful.

The perfection of the lower extremities, by which we are enabled to stand erect on a small basis, and walk with our heads upright, is a beautiful instance of the adaptation of means to ends.

—*The Spiritual Rostrum* is for sale at this office.
Price 20 cents.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

PETS.

WHEN I read "F. M. K.'s" article on pets, I was reminded of some pets I have lately seen. Eddie T., a little boy about six years old, has a pair of rabbits; one is white and the other very black; their eyes are a beautiful pink color. If you have never seen pet rabbits, you will think it strange when I tell you that Eddie carries them about by the ears, so as not to hurt them. They are very pretty, and like most pretty pets, are inclined to mischief, especially when kept in close quarters. One day Eddie put them in his new overcoat, which his mother had made nice and large, so that it would last him quite a while, if he did grow very fast, as all little boys do. The rabbits did not know this, and so undertook to eat their way out, and very nearly spoiled the coat. Eddie was sorry, and told his pets how naughty it was to eat things that he did not feed to them; but the rabbits did not care much for the lecture, as you will soon see. Eddie had been told not to put his rabbits on the sofa, or on the nice cushions, but one day he was left alone with them to amuse himself, and he thought it would be nice to rock them in the arm-chair; he quite forgot what he had been told, (little boys are so very forgetful sometimes.) The little rabbits thought it fun, and went to eating the buds and flowers on the cushion, and had very much spoiled it before their master saw it. Pets are very fine, but like little children, they have to be watched to keep them from harm and mischief.

A short time since E. V. Wilson stopped to see us, on his way home. He had a pair of young squirrels with him; they were very pretty. It was amusing to see him feed them milk. He would open the cage and call "Lu-lu," and she would come out and take hold of the spoon with her paws, (much as my little girl does,) and drink the milk. Then he would call "Gray," and the other one would come out and get his milk.

Some day I would like to tell the little ones of a pet fawn I had when I was a little girl.

L. B. M.

—Always speak gently and reverently of your mother; always act toward her kindly and tenderly, and in after years your memory of her whose love and care were the blessings of your infancy and childhood will be very sweet.

—The "game of life" is like a game of cards—time deals, death cuts, and everybody is waiting for the last trump.

WESTERN LYCEUM CONFERENCE.

The Executive Board of the Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum hereby invite representatives from all Lyceums in the West, and from all towns where there is an interest in the Lyceum movement, to meet at Crosby's Music Hall, in conjunction with the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of June, 1868, to confer as to the best ways and means for promoting the Lyceum interests.

We are assured that the State Association will set apart an equitable proportion of time for such Conference, and we are of the opinion that no better time could be chosen; indeed, that the interests of all concerned will be enhanced by this meeting.

The friends of the Lyceum in Chicago are fully awake to the demands of such an occasion, and will spare no available means to make it pleasant and profitable; as far as possible the hospitality of their homes will be tendered to those who attend the Conference, and they hope to be able to entertain all who come.

Remember, this invitation extends to all Lyceums, and to all friends of the Lyceum movement, in the Western and Middle States, and we hope that each State will be represented.

S. J. AVERY, M. D., Conductor.

CHARLES W. BOWRON, Secretary.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Glass windows were used for lights in 1180.
Chimneys first put up to houses in 1236.
Tallow candles for lights in 1290.
Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1249.
Paper made from linen, 1302.
Woolen cloth made in England, 1341.
Art of printing from movable type, 1440.
Watches first made in Germany, 1447.
Telescopes invented by Porta and Janson, 1590.
Tea first brought from China to Europe in 1501.
Circulation of blood first discovered by Harvey in 1610.

Newspaper first established in 1629.
Pendulum clocks first invented in 1639.
Barometer invented by Torricelli in 1535.
Steam engine invented in 1649.
Bread made with yeast in 1650.
Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.
Fire engine invented in 1685.
Stereotyping invented in Scotland in 1785.
Telegraph invented by Morse in 1832.
The first daguerreotype made in France in 1839.

[Selected.]

DIDN'T THINK.

GOING into a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly. "Ah! Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going down to the harbor, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone. "Did you not know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow! Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife," and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and, after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master. "Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"Tis a real good one," said Ned; "father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too." Ned looked up brightly, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I; "was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ned; "that was done with an axe; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring."

"Well," it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.



"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not, indeed, know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reasons for doing so? And, surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial to your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent; but that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "O, sir!" said he, humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents, and our Father who is in heaven.

PREMIUMS.

To any one who will send us \$12 for THE LYCEUM BANNER we will give "Sexology" or "Dawn."

For \$10, any one of Mr. Davis' or Hudson Tuttle's \$1.50 books, or "Woman's Secret."

For \$8, "Gazelle," "Stellar Key," "Joan of Arc," or "A Child's History of England."

For \$5, "Kiss for a Blow."

For \$3, "Inner Mystery."

For \$2, "Sequel to the Love Life," or "Playing Soldier."

LYCEUM MANUALS.

We will furnish Lyceum Manuals at wholesale prices. We will send other books to Lyceums at a discount of 20 per cent. Address Mrs. L. H. Kimball, Chicago.

CONCERT.

The Chicago Lyceum will give an exhibition and concert in Crosby's Music Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst. Tickets, 25 cents.

— "Charley, I was very much shocked to hear you singing 'Pop goes the Weasel' in church." "Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

— A vein hope—prospecting for gold.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

EDITOR LYCEUM BANNER:—Thinking that your numerous readers would like to hear how we are prospering in our Lyceum, I would respectfully inform them that the Lyceum gave a public entertainment in Dart's Hall, in this city, on the evening of May the 20th, which consisted of electing and crowning a May Queen, a number of tableaux, songs, and dance around the May poles. The hall was furnished us free of expense by our generous friend, H. Dart, Esq.; and great praise is due to the ladies who worked willingly and untiringly to get up the tableaux, especially Miss Riffinburg and Mrs. Wilson, our esteemed Guardian. The appearance of the children was very beautiful; the girls were dressed in white, which gave a uniformity to the scene. There was a large and delighted audience to witness the performance, which commenced at eight o'clock, and closed at half past ten, when the friends adjourned to the Rodman Hall for a social dance. Altogether, the affair was a grand success.

The object of the exhibition was to raise funds to purchase books for the library, and in this we have succeeded admirably beyond our most sanguine expectations. Hoping you will give these crude remarks a place in your valuable and interesting paper, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
HENRY JONES.

SLEEP.

Perhaps the unwise of all economies is time saved from necessary sleep, for it begets a nervous irritability which masters the body and destroys the mind. When a man becomes sleepless, the intellect is in danger. A restored lunatic, of superior mental endowments, said: "The first symptom of insanity, in my own case, was a want of sleep; and from the time I began to sleep soundly, my recovery was sure." Let this be a warning to all who are acquiring an education. Every young person at school should have eight hours for sleep out of every twenty-four hours; for as the brain is highly stimulated all the time, in the prosecution of study, it will break down, just like any part of the frame, unless it have time for full recuperation. Better, a thousand times, to give another year to the completion of specified studies, than by curtailing sleep, to endeavor to get through that much sooner, at the risk of madness.

For the School Boys.

Never look unhappy, boys,
Be merry while you can;
Youth is but a May-day morn,
Life is but a span;
If you meet them with a smile,
Troubles soon will fly,
So only mark the sunshine, boys,
And let the clouds go by.

Don't neglect your lessons, boys,
Wisdom is a prize
Greater than earth's riches are;
Grasp it ere it flies.
School-boy days will soon be o'er,
Be merry while you can;
A happy childhood seldom falls
To make an *honest* man.

For the Lyceum Banner.
ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

This is a very important branch of study, and when properly conducted, is a very lively and interesting one. Much time and labor are bestowed upon it, and I am sorry to state that few beneficial results are derived therefrom. What is the object of studying English grammar? Is it to learn the different parts of speech and then analyze and parse them? This appears to be the main object in teaching grammar in our common schools. I frequently visit schools and make a close examination in regard to this branch, and find that not one pupil in five likes this study; and I do not blame them for not liking it. The other day, a bright, intelligent-looking girl came into the room and asked her mother if she could not give up the study of grammar. The mother advised her not to. But she insisted that it was dry and difficult, and that she could not see any sense in it. Yet the girl knew the parts of speech, and could parse and analyze; but when asked to correct a simple sentence in false syntax, she knew very little about it. This is the great error practiced in our schools. Scholars are not informed that grammar is composed of a number of systematized rules, and that these are used for the correction of ungrammatical expressions. If every teacher would make it an object to devote a quarter of an hour to his scholars each day, in false syntax, he would accomplish more in six months than by closely adhering to the book all the time.

M. W. H.

—When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is so easily done. A kind word, an encouraging expression—trifles in themselves light as air—may make some heart light for at least twenty-four hours.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

WORD PUZZLES.

My First is in fly, but not in bee.
 My Second is in mouse, but not in rat.
 My Third is in buy, but not in sell.
 My Fourth is in red, but not in black.
 My Fifth is in cat, but not in dog.
 My Sixth is in watch, but not in clock.
 My Seventh is in old, but not in new.
 My Eighth is in fun, but not in play.
 My Ninth is in January, but not in December.
 My Tenth is in quay, but not in dock.
 My Eleventh is in talk, but not in sing.
 My Twelfth is in boy, but not in girl.

J. D. MONTAGUE.

My First is in black, but not in red.
 My Second is in yes, but not in no.
 My Third is in new, but not in old.
 My Fourth is in watch, but not in clock.
 My Fifth is in fly, but not in bee.
 My Sixth is in vine, but not in stem.
 My Seventh is in high, but not in low.
 My Eighth is in mountain, but not in hill.
 My whole is a mountain in Switzerland.

W. F. BATES.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 18 letters.
 My 4, 9, 10, 6, is a flower.
 My 1, 9, 18, 10, 12, is an animal.
 My 2, 5, 8, we could not live without.
 My 7, 8, 12, 11, is a pronoun.
 My whole is a noble woman.

CHARLEY.

I am composed of 12 letters.
 My 7, 11, 8, 4, is good to eat.
 My 1, 4, 10, belongs to most animals.
 My 5, 9, 7, 4, are troublesome creatures.
 My 6, 7, 4, is made in winter.
 My 12, 2, 10, is a quadruped.
 My 8, 2, 1, 1, is part of a house.
 My whole is a body of water in the United States.

WILLIE.

I consist of 19 letters.
 Keep my 10, 2, 1, 15, in a 17, 16, 19, 18, of water, and its
 14, 18, 16, 17, 9, 12, will remain 6, 10, 16, 4, 10, 16, 8, 7, a 14,
 5, 8, 4, time 7, 11, gratify 7, 8, 18, love, 11, 6, sweet perfume.
 My whole is a sweet song.

G. K. J.

I am composed of 12 letters.
 My 10, 2, 8, 4, is very dear.
 My 9, 7, 2, 1, 6, the Chicago Lyceum does.
 My 8, 4, 5, the ladies like.
 My 1, 7, 2, 5, 9, many people do.
 My 8, 2, 1, 2, 6, is nice to sit on.
 My 1, 8, 11, everybody hasn't got.
 My 7, 10, 8, 5, 4, is a famous river.
 My whole needs attending to right off.

LOUIS R. SCHROEDER.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. 18.

Enigma by Ida E. Hart—George Washington.

Enigma by E. Worsley—Investigator.

Enigma by Estelle B. Duboce—Ocean Group.

Answered by S. H. Kauffman, E. R. Keech, Rosa A. Palmer,
 Lizzie Avery, Louis R. Schroeder and Llewellyn Arnold.

Geographical Transposition of Towns.

We loll. Cod corn. Her mast. Can stem her. Tom pen
 tier. Chin dro ..

CURIOUS THINGS.

 CURIOUS, that a young gentleman always pets his "adorable's" little brother, and gives him candy, if he'll stay out of the parlor Sunday night.

Curious, that when you ask your husband for ten cents to buy a box of hairpins that he never has anything less than a ten-dollar bill.

Curious, that when a fellow takes his sister riding he always selects the back streets; but when he takes the village belle, Michigan Avenue is not half grand enough.

Curious, that when a young lady is asked to play and sing, she is "out of practice," or "has a bad cold."

Curious, that when you tease your better-half to take you to see a new play he has "so much writing to do at the office."

Curious, that papa is so intent on his newspaper when you tell him you must really have a new dress for the next ball.

Curious, *very* curious, that gentlemen always observe that you wear a plain gold ring on your first finger, (just as if it mattered to them.) Dear me! there are lots of things I want to know. I wish I was as wise as Solomon.

LITTLE PASCAL.

— Miss Peepers says it is always her "consarned luck, you know," at any place of amusement to be located directly behind two or three of just the tallest people in the whole audience. If a seven-footer is anywhere, or a woman with a bonnet like an awning present, it, he, or she, is sure to be square in front of her. She either ought to grow, or stay at home. Her brother Bill thinks the latter—the cruel boy.

— A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not go in the pote," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Adrian, Mich.—Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

Battle Creek, Mich.—James Beamer, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Snow, Guardian.

Boston, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

Bradley, Maine.—James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

Bredeville, Mich.—Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

Bangor, Maine.—Meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M., in the Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and De-Kuhl avenues. John A. Bartlett, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cohill, Guardian.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Music Hall, every Sunday afternoon. Mt. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

Beloit, Wis.—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 8 P. M. Mr. S. U. Hamilton, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

Corry, Pa.—Meets in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Washington Hall every Sunday morning at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. W. J. Mayo, Guardian.

Charleston, Mass.—No. 2, C. C. York, Conductor; Lucy A. York, Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

Chelsea, Mass.—Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Crosby's Music Hall, at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Guardian and President of the Literary Circle.

Detroit, Mich.—M. J. Mathews, Conductor; Mrs. Rachel Doty, Guardian.

Keansville Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M., at Harmony Hall. Dr. E. W. Beebe, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah M. Leonard, Guardian.

Fond du Lac, Wis.—Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

Geneva, Ohio.—Meets at 10 o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor; Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.

Hamburg, Conn.—John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

Hammonden.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ranom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Havana, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. in Andrus' Hall. J. F. Coppel, Conductor; E. J. Shaw, Guardian.

Haverhill, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in Music Hall.

Johns Creek, N. Y.—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loper, Guardian.

Jersey City, N. J.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

Lansing, Mich.—Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 P. M. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

Lotus, Ind.—F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

Lowell, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

Milan, Ohio.—Sessions 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

New Boston, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

Newark, N. J.—Meets in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.

New York City.—meet every Sunday at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

Mokena, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

Oswego, N. Y.—J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Oborne's Prairie, Ind.—Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. M. B. Dyoit, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2.—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Isaac Rehn, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Plymouth, Mass.—Meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

Portland, Me.—Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian.

Providence, R. I.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street.

Putnam, Conn.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Central Hall.

Richland Center, Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. El Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addie man, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly in Black's Medical Institute, (Palmer's Hall) Sunday afternoons at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rockford, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. Henry Jones, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.

Sacramento, Cal.—Organized October, 1864. H. Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

Stoneham, Mass.—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Kimpton, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. H. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Lyman, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

Sturgis, Mich.—Organized May 24, 1868. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Sycamore, Ill.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

Toledo, O.—Lyceum organized July 23, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. S. J. Finney, Conductor.

Vineland, N. J.—D. B. Griffith, Conductor; Mrs. Parria Gage, Guardian.

Willimantic, Conn.—Remus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian.

Washington, D. C.—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunday, at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Anna Denton Cridge, Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 A. M. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.